

T H E

Drunkard's Legacy

In FOUR PARTS.

First—Of a Gentleman's having a wild Son, and foreseeing he would come to Poverty, had a Cottage built with one Door to it, always kept fast. His Father on his Dying-bed, charged him not to open it 'till he was poor and slighted, which the Young Man promised he would perform.

Secondly—Of the Young Man's pawning his Estate to a Vintner, who when poor, kicked him out of Doors. Thinking it Time to see his Legacy, he broke open the Door, where instead of Money, found a Gibbet and a Halter, which he put round his Neck, and jumping off the Stool, the Gibbet broke, and a Thousand Pounds came down upon his Head, which lay hid in the Ceiling.

Thirdly—Of his redeeming the Estate; and fooling the Vintner out of Two Hundred Pounds, who for fear of being jeered by his Neighbours, cut his own Throat.

And Lastly,—Of the young Man's Reformation.

Very proper to be read by all who are given to Drunkenness.

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THE
Drunkard's Legacy.

PART I.

YOUNG people all I pray draw near,
 And listen to my ditty here,
 Which subject shews that drunkenness
 Brings many mortals to distress.

As for example now, I can
 Tell You of one, a Gentleman,
 Who had a very good estate,
 His earthly travels they were great.

We understand he had one son,
 Who a lewd wicked race did run,
 He daily spent his father's store,
 When moneyless, he came for more.

The father often times with tears,
 Would sound this alarm in his ears,
 Son, thou dost all my comforts blast,
 And thou wilt come to want at last.

The son these words did little mind,
 To cards and dice he was inclin'd,

feeding his drunken appetite,
In taverns which was his delight.

The father, 'ere it was too late,
He had a project in his pate;
Before his aged days was run,
To make provision for his son.

Near to this house we understand,
He had a waste plat of land,
Which did but little profit yield,
On which he had a cottage built.

The *Wife-Man's Project* was its name,
There were but few windows in the same,
Only one door, substantial thing,
Shut by a lock, went by a spring.

Soon after he had played this trick,
It was his lot for to fall sick,
As on his bed he did lament,
Then for his drunken son he sent.

He shortly came to his bed-side,
Seeing his son, he thus replied,
I have sent for You to make my will,
Which You must faithfully fulfil.

To such a cottage is one door,
Ne'er open it do thou be sure,
Until thou art so poor that all
Do then despise You, great and small.

For to my grief I do perceive,
When I am dead, this life You live
Will soon melt all thou hast away,
Do not forget these words I pray.

When thou hast made thy friend thy foe
Pawn'd all thy lands and sold thy cloaths
Break open the door and there depend
To find something thy grief to end.

This being spoke the son did say,
Your dying words I will obey,

Soon after this his father dear,
Did die, and buried was we hear.



PART II.

NOW pray observe the second part,
And You shall hear his sottish heart
He did the tavern so frequent,
Till he three hundred pounds had spent.
This being done we understand
He pawn'd the deeds of all his land;
Unto a tavern keeper, who
When poor did him no favour shew.

For to fulfil his father's will;
He did command this cottage still;
At length great sorrow was his share,
Quite moneyless, with garments bare.
Being not able for to work,
He in the tavern there did lurk;
From box to box among rich men,
Who oftentimes revild him then.

To see him sneek so up and down,
The Vintner on him he did frown,
And one night kick'd him out of door,
Charging him to come there no more.

He in a stall did lie all night,
In this most sad and wretched plight,
Then thought it was high time for he,
His father's legacy to see.

Next morning then oppress'd with woe,
This young man got an iron crow,
And in tears he did lament,
Unto this little cottage went.

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When he this door had open got,
This poor distressed drunken sot,
Who did for store of money hope,
He saw a gibbet and a rope.

Under this rope was plac'd a stool,
Which made him look just like a fool;
Crying, alas! What shall I do?
Destruction now appears in view.

As my father foresaw this thing,
What sottishness to me would bring,
As moneyless and free of grace,
His legacy I will embrace.

So then oppress'd with discontent,
Upon the stool he sitting went,
And then his precious life to check,
Did place the rope about his neck,

Crying, Thou God, who sitt'st on high
And on my sorrow cast an eye;
Thou knowest that I've not done well,
Preserve my precious soul from hell.

'Tis true the slighting of thy grace,
Has brought me to this wretched case.
And as through folly I'm undone,
I'll now eclipse my morning sun.

When he with sighs these words had spoke
Jumpt off, and down the gibbet broke;
In falling as it plain appears,
Dropp'd down about this young man ears,

In shining gold, a thousand pound,
Which made the blood his ears surround,
Though in amaze, he cried, I'm sure,
This golden salve will cure the sore.

Blest be my father, then he cried,
Who did this part for me so hide,
And while I do alive remain,
I never will get drunk again.

P A R T III.

NOW by the Third Part you will hear,
 This young man as it doth appear,
 With care he then secured his chink,
 And to this vintner's went to drink.

When the proud Vintner did him see,
 He frown'd on him immediately,
 And said, Be gone, or else with speed,
 I'll kick thee out of doors indeed.

Smiling, the young man he did say,
 Thou cruel knave, tell me I pray,
 As I have here consum'd my store,
 How durst thou kick me out of door.



To me thou hast been too severe,
 The deeds of eight-score pounds a Year,
 I pawn'd them for three hundred pounds,
 That I spent here, what makes such frowns?

The Vintner said unto him, Sarrah !
 Bring me one hundred pounds to-morrow ;
 By nine o'Clock, take them again,
 So get you out of doors 'till then.

He answer'd, If this chink I bring,
 I fear thou wilt do no such thing,
 He said, I'll give under my hand,
 A note, that I to this will stand.

Having the note away he goes,
 And straitway went to one of those
 That made him drink when moneyless,
 And did the truth to him confess.

They both went to this heap of gold,
 And in a bag he fairly told,
 A thousand pounds in yellow-boys,
 And to a tavern went their ways,



This bag they on the Table set,
 Making the Vintner for to fret,
 He said Young Man, this will not do,
 For I was but in jest with you.

So then bespoke the young man's friend
 Mr Vintner, thou mayst sure depend,

In land and house it will you cast,
And he must have his land at last.
This made the Vintner to comply,
He fetch'd the deeds immediately,
He had one hundred pounds, and then
The young man got his deeds again.
At length the Vintner began to think
How he was fool'd out of his chink,
Said, when I found how I came off,
My neighbours will me game and scoff.
So to prevent their noise and clatter,
The vintner he, to mend the matter,
In two days after it doth appear,
He cut his throat from ear to ear.
Thus he untimely left the world,
That to this young man prov'd a churl;
Now he who followed drunkenness,
Lives sober, and his lands possess.
Instead of wasting of his store,
As formerly, resolves no more
To act the same, but does indeed
Relieve all those that are in need.
Let all young men now for my sake
Take care how they such havock make,
For drunkenness you plain may see,
Had like my ruin for to be.

F I N I S.



